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A PANEGYRIC ON THE Reverend D--n S---t. IN ANSWER TO THE LIBEL ON Dr. D--y, and a certain Great L--d.

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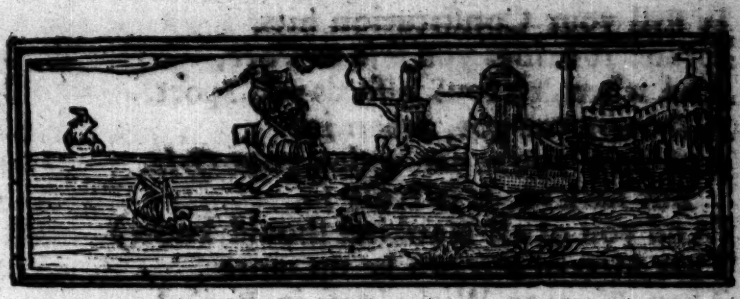

A PANEGYRIC ON THE Reverend D---n *S-----t*, &c.

COuld all we little Folks that wait,
And dance Attendance on the *Great*,
Obtain such Privilege as you,
To rail, and go unpunish'd too;
To treat our *Betters* like our *Slaves*,
And all Mankind as *Fools*, or *Knaves*;
The Pleasure of so large a Grant
Would much compensate all we want
Mitres, and *Glebes* could scarce do more
To *scratch* our endless *Itch* of Pow'r.
For next to being Great our selves
It is to think all great Ones *Elves*,
And when we can't be *tete à tete*
Their Fellows, turn their *Dread and Hate*.
How amply then does Pow'r provide
For you to gratify your Pride?

Where'er the Wind of *Favour* ſits,
It ſtill your Conſtitution hits.
If fair, it brings you ſafe to Port,
And when 'tis foul, affords you Sport.
A *Deanery* you got, when in,
And now you're *out*, enjoy your *Grin*.
But hark'ee, is it truly ſo,
(And you of all Mankind ſhould know)
That Men of *Wit* can be no more
Than *Pimps* to Wickedneſs in *Pow'r?*
Then pray, dear Doctor, condeſcend
To teach the Science to your Friend.
For long enur'd to muſty Rules,
And idle Morals in the Schools,
My higheſt Progreſs in the Myſt'ry
Is of *ſhort Seſſions a long Hiſt'ry*;
Lampoons on *Whigs*, when in Diſgrace;
Or vile *Submiſſions*, when in Place;
Poems addreſs'd to great Men's *Whores*;
Or other *Lap-Dog* Cures for *Sores*.
But form'd more perfect *Gameſter*, you
The deepeſt *Tricks* of *Courtiers* knew.
Your *Horace* not content to quote,
You at a Pinch could *forge* a Plot;
The fatal *Box* it ſelf diſplay'd,
Where *Whigs* their curſed *Trains* had laid;
Nor ceas'd the *Faction* to purſue,
Till you had got them in a *Screw*.
Oh, wond'rous *Box!* my Lyre unſtrung
Shall be, when thou art left unſung;
More precious far than ev'n the Gift
Of our *Metropolis* to *S——t*;
The Gift (good Heav'ns preſerve't from Thieves)
Of *Lord-May'r*, *Aldermen*, and *Sbrieves*,
Where, if the curious Liſt to read 'em,
They'll find his Life, and Acts, and *Freedom*,
And the great Name engrav'd moſt fairly,
Of him that *Ireland* ſav'd, and *Harley*;

With

With quaint *Inſcription*, [illegible]
Laid out with no leſs Ar[illegible] Pains,
Moſt of his Virtues, all *my* Brains.
No Wonder you ſhould think it *little*
To *lick a Raſcal Stateſman's Spittle*,
Who have, to ſhew your great Devotion,
Oft" ſwallow'd down a ſtronger Potion,
A Compoſition more abſurd,
Bob's Spittle mix'd with *Harry's* T——
Oh, could'ſt thou teach us how to *zeſt*
Such Draughts as this, and then *digeſt*,
Then we might alſo have in Time
More beneficial Ways than *Rhime*;
Refuſe our Patron's Call to dine;
Piſh at his Cook'ry, *damn* his Wine;
Aſſume a *Dignitary's* Airs,
And go to *Church*, and ſay our Prayers.
Rightly you ſhew, that *Wit* alone
Advances few, enriches none,
And 'tis as true, or Story lies,
Men ſeldom by their *Good Deeds* riſe:
From whence the Conſequence is plain,
You never had commenc'd a *Dean*,
Unleſs you other Ways had trod
Than thoſe of *Wit*, or Truſt in GOD.
'Twas therefore cruel, hard, by *Jove*,
Your Induſtry no better throve.
Nor could atchieve the promis'd *Lawn*,
Though *Robin's* Honour was in Pawn;
Becauſe it chanc'd, an old grave *Don*
Believ'd in GOD, and you in *none*.
Be this however your Relief,
Whene'er your Pride recals your Grief,
That all the Loſs your Purſe ſuſtain'd
By that rebuff your *Virtue* gain'd.
For muſt you not have often *ly'd*,
And griev'd your *righteous Soul* beſide,

Th' *Almighty's Orders to perform,*
Not to *direct a Plague*, or *Storm*,
But 'gainſt the Dictates of your Mind,
To *bleſs*, as now you *curſe* Mankind?
You tell me, till my *Fortune's made*,
I muſt take up the *ſheet'ning Trade*.
I own, the Counſel were not wrong,
Did *Congreve's* Wit inſpire my Song,
Or could my Muſe exert the Rage
Of *Addiſon's* immortal Page,
When rapt in Heav'nly Airs, he ſings
The Acts of GODS, and god-like Kings.
But form'd by You, how ſhould their Model
E'er enter any Mortal's Noddle.
Our Thoughts to hit your nicer Taſte,
Muſt in a diff'rent Mold be caſt;
The Language *Billingſgate* excel,
The Sentiments reſemble *Hell*.
Thus, ſhould I give your Humour place,
And draw like you my *Patron's* Face;
To pay him Honour due, in Courſe
I muſt compare him to a *Horſe*;
Then ſhew, how *Statesmen* oft are ſtung
By Gnats, and draw the Nation's *Dung*,
The *ſtinking* Load of all the Crimes,
And *Naſtineſs* of modern Times,
Not only what themſelves have ——,
For that were not unjuſt a Bit;
But all the *Filth* both *ſpiſs* and *ſparſe*
Of e'ery Rogue that wears an ——.
To add more Dignity and Light
To an Alluſion ſo polite,
The D—— ready ſtands, my S——t;
To help our Fancy at a Lift;
Yet envy not, that I repeat
The damnable the dear Conceit.
" So when poor *Iriſh Rapparee*,
" Is ſentenc'd to the fatal *Tree*,

" Or

" Or naughty Boy elopes from School,
" Or pretty Miss has play'd the Fool,
" And crack'd her tender *Maidenhead*
" With lying on too hard a Bed;
" Their Loads they all on *Satan* lay:
" The D——l did the Deed, not they!
The Simile would better *jump*,
Were you but plac'd on *Satan's* Rump;
For if bestrode by you, *Old N—k*,
Himself could scarce forbear to kick,
And curse his wicked Burthen more
Than all the Sins he ever bore.
Is this the Art, good Doctor, say,
The true, the genuine sweet'ning Lay?
Then must it truly be confest;
Our *Ministers* are void of Taste,
When such *Adepts* as you, and I
So long *unbishoprick'd* lie by,
While *Dunces* of the coarsest Clay,
That only know to *preach* and *pray*,
Devour the *Church's tiddest Bits*,
The Perquisites of *Pimps* and *Wits*.
And leave us nought but *Guts* and *Garbage*,
Or dirty *Offals* cook'd with *Herbage*.
No less than Reasons of such Weight,
Could make you so *sincerely hate*
Both ——— and *Ministers* of *State*.
For once there was a Time, God wot,
Before our Friends were gone to *Pot*,
When *F——n* was great at *Court*,
The *Ruin'd-Party* made his Sport,
Despis'd the *Beast* with *many Heads*,
And damn'd the *Mob*, whom now he leads.
But Things are strangely chang'd since then,
And *Kings* are now no more than *Men*;
From whence 'tis plain, they quite have lost
God's *Image*, which was once their Boast.

For *Gulliver* divinely shews,
That *Mankind* are all *Yahoos*.
Both Envy then and Malice must
Allow your hatred strictly just;
Since you alone of all the Race
Disclaim the *Human Name*, and Face,
And with the *Virtues* pant to wear
(May Heav'n Indulgent hear your Pray'r!)
The *Proof* of your high *Origine*,
The *Horse's Countenance Divine*.
While G———, S———, and I,
Who after you *adoring* fly,
An humbler Prospect only wair,
To be your *Asses Colts of State*,
The *Angels* of your *awful Nods*,
Resembling you as *Angel Gods*.

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